

CONSCIOUS AUTOSUGGESTION LATEST METHOD OF HEALING

America Soon to Hear More of Coueism, or Curing by Imagination, Now Attracting Attention of Europe

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By DR. JOSEPH COLLINS.

JEREMIAH wrote that the Prophets promised that no evil should come upon any one that walked after the imagination of his own heart. M. Emile Coue of Nancy has taken the prophecy to his bosom and nurtured it, and now makes propaganda for it. He calls the method that he employs conscious autosuggestion, and by it he seeks to obtain healing and health by preventing the coming of disease.

M. Coue had reached the sixty-fifth milestone on the road of life without encountering great adversity. Chemistry and drugs had absorbed his time, though the frailties of the flesh engaged his attention and excited his commiseration. With increasing years came heightened awareness of the potency of the spirit in man, and of the countless ways that disorder or disequilibrium of it made him infirm, miserable or incapacitated. Like the majority of those whose life compels them to witness the combat between drugs and disease, gradually year by year, after he was 40 he lost faith in pill and potion. The atmosphere of Nancy has long been favorable to the development of medical mysticism, for it was there that Bernheim carried out the experiments on hypnotism which made his name known the world over, and it was from there that his book on Suggestion was launched more than thirty years ago. Moreau, Liebau, who did much to popularize applied psychology, has always been identified with Nancy.

Imagination Conquers Will And the Sick Get Well

It is not therefore astonishing that the newest apostle of the mystic, the most recent revivalist of a phase of the occultism, should hail from the capital of old Lorraine. It is, however, very unusual for an apostle of any kind to wait until he is 65 to be heard from, to make a noise in the world, and therefore prepared for the statement made by his admirers and disciples that he was but 45 when he made what they call his great discovery, establishing two facts which were not known before; namely that it is the imagination which gains the victory over the will power every time the two forces are brought into conflict, and that it is possible to make suggestions to an individual without hypnotizing him.

It seems incredible that there is any one in the world capable or incapable of taking thought who can claim that this is a discovery, but such is the fact. There are many such persons, and they consider it to be their duty to pass on to their fellows the reality of these discoveries, and to urge their importance for the happiness and efficiency of countless lives. This is attested by the books, magazines and newspaper articles that are now being published about Coueism in England. In the late autumn of the last year M. Coue went to London to hold some public conferences, the way having been prepared for his visit by the publication of a book by Prof. Baudouin entitled "Suggestion and Autosuggestion." At that time he was practically unknown. At the present time his name is not so familiar there as that of Mr. Lloyd George, but it is fast becoming so. Verily it would seem as if all London were Coueing, and there are Coue clubs, Coue cliques and Coue circles. Like Florence of old, when the inhabitants were either Guelph or Ghibelline, Londoners are Coueites or anti-Coueites, and they are supporting their convictions and urging their partisanship with religious ardor.

A Young Jansenist Did the Same Thing 200 Years Ago

It is astonishing how closely parallel the eures and the publicity of them is with those wrought at the tomb of a young Jansenist deacon, Francois de Paris, 200 years ago. The illustrations that attest them in the volumes of Carre de Mongeron, published in Paris in 1737, side by side with those of the Illustrated London News of March 18, 1922, have a strange resemblance. They differ only in the costumes in which the deliverer and the delivered are clad. The Jesuits rallied at those eures, and Dean Inge, one of the dominant minds of the Anglican church, calls M. Coue's "one of the crazy revellers in that orgy of irrationalism which is devastating the civilized world." The medical profession shrugged its shoulders and said, "poor, hysterical creatures." To-day it writes letters to the Times "explaining" why the consulting rooms of Harley street are so empty and why fees cannot be reduced. Meanwhile the gentle, bland and smiling little man from Nancy stands in the garden by the side of a one-story cottage of the laborer's dwelling type and says to the score of unfortunates and possessed that are gathered there in his "clinic" from his native land and abroad, "Repeat after me these words: Every day, in every way, I grow better and better."

This simple formula represents the epitome of his life's study and he desires that it shall be engraved upon the unconscious minds of all his fellow creatures for their lasting benefit, that they may be cured of "rheumatism, epilepsy, neurasthenia, heart trouble, paralysis, stammering, deafness, indigestion and asthma." That he cures them there is no doubt.

The doubt is that they are rheumatic, epileptic, have heart trouble, etc. But a counterfeit ten pound note will buy just as much as a genuine one, and be as serviceable to the possessor until it is known that it is a

forgery, and a disease that is an imposter may be as burdensome and incapacitating as the true one that it simulates. One should be as grateful and appreciative for relief from the former as the latter. It is only when the imposter disease has been outwitted by perpetrating another imposition that we have legitimate grounds for protest or complaint.

This Revival Is But Another Imposition

And at the present day I think it may truthfully be said that the revival of any phase of mysticism or Neoplatonism in the practice of medicine comes under the head of the perpetration of an imposition.

"Repeat like a parrot," says M. Coue, "whatever you wish the unconscious mind to receive; do not even think of the words you are saying, but be as mechanical as possible."

You are a weather cock perched on the steeple of your unconscious, and the wind bloweth where it listeth. The weather cock does not take orders; the ways of seduction do not lead to its citadel; the only way to influence it is by trickery. Get it off its guard and keep saying to it: "I know you are going to turn toward the east the next time you turn, I know you are, I know you are." Then when it turns—by chance or in conformity with the rules that govern the winds—you are oriented in the ways of righteousness, your feet are firmly set upon the path that leads to happiness; you are well, you have lost the disease that is caused by billions of little animals that are hidden away somewhere in your system, or by a complex chemical procedure that has been going on for months or years.

It strains one's credulity to the breaking point to believe that there are countless persons in the world, of adult mind and what is called education, to whom this sort of thing is applicable. But such is the fact. To many, let us hope most, it will seem to be an affront to their intelligence, an insult to their self-respect, a studied effort to convince them that though made in the image of their Creator all resemblance ends there.

"Remember I cure no one," M. Coue frequently repeats in his conferences and his lectures. "I teach you to cure yourself." Each person carries within himself the instrument of his own well being. M. Coue's mission is to teach us to recognize the instrument and how to use it, a thing that requires no skill, particular effort, or perspicacity. In fact, there is winningness about the line "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better" that will undoubtedly make appeal to many as it has to me, and it will come into his conscious mind from time to time like the familiar words of a poem or a song, or the stray

notes of a long forgotten melody. It is distressing to know that it does you no good when it comes to you in this manner, for it is then in your conscious mind. But then it might by chance, or accident (or shall we be courageous and say it) even by design creep down into our unconscious and cure us.

Think of all the stuff and nonsense that has been written about the majesty of the will, the advisability of cultivating it, the alleged reward that has come to man and saint for display of it and now we have to chuck it all and admit that there is no such thing as will, as a beneficent agent! Perhaps M. Coue would admit that will power is a good thing in health. It is only to be scorned when ill. If so that's rather a comforting thought because no one who is really ill ought to be called upon to display will power. It is too much effort and besides the conclusion or decision embodying it is often not anywhere near standard form in their health.

By Means of Rosary Made Of Knitted Handkerchief

There is one feature of M. Coue's method of cure that appeals strongly to me, and of all of them whose psychopathy is an inherited, not an acquired, infirmity.

M. Coue says that every idea which exclusively occupies the mind is transformed into an actual physical or mental act. This is equivalent to saying that every drop of water that is in a bucket of water is in the bucket. His second statement, upon which he bases his doctrine, viz., that efforts made to conquer an idea, exerting the will only serve to make that idea more powerful is one that will be universally denied to nearly everyone. In the first place it is contrary to the best psychological teaching, in the second place it is subversive of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, indeed one might say of all religion, and in the third place it is contrary to experience, that is, it is denied empirically. Strangely enough, however, this second contention of M. Coue is true of the majority of psychopathic individuals, and of all of them whose psychopathy is an inherited, not an acquired, infirmity.

It is with psychopaths that M. Coue deals, or is successful, hence it is not astonishing that he has come to this conclusion. His error is that he makes application of it to all mankind, particularly to normal mankind. It may seem to M. Coue, whose orbit is confined to his "clinic" and to London Conference Hall and fashionable drawing rooms, that the world is made up of the abject and the obsessed, of the tender minded and the timid, of the unamenable to logic and the unaware of the teachings of science; but this conclusion is as false as the psychological premises of his plan of cure. To the student of the history of medicine Coueism is an old story. It



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has shown itself in a dozen different guises since the time of Paracelsus and it will likely continue to show itself periodically so long as man is credulous and has mystic yearnings. Financial panics, religious revivals, and political upheavals occur in cycles, and records show that they have astonishing periodicity. The Esculapian snake has since he first became the embodiment of therapeutic lore tried to swallow his tail about once in every twenty years, and so far he has never succeeded. In "The House of the Seven Gables" Hawthorne makes one of his characters say, "All human progress is in a circle; or to use a more accurate and beautiful figure, is an ascending spiral curve; while we fancy ourselves going straight forward and attaining at every step an entirely new position of affairs, we do actually return to something long ago tried and abandoned."

"Think a task is easy and it will become so," says M. Coue. What a pity Mr. Lloyd George did not have contact with "Le Marchand de Bonheur" as the grateful fellow-Nancians called him before he went to Genoa. He might have been received on the return to his native shores with louder acclaim. Even now with the prospects of an election before him it might be well for him to get a rosary and begin repeating "day by day, in every way, I am becoming better and better" for surely the potency of this great discovery cannot be confined to the field of therapeutics alone. The election returns would testify to the value of the remedy.

Or M. Coue might be induced to go to Russia and try his method on a large scale. The only drawback is that apparently the Russians do not want to be cured, but they might be tricked into it, for all that is necessary is get them to say, "day by day, in every way, we are getting better and better." As a matter of fact that is what they are saying, and they act as if they believed it. Are they cured? One does not get that impression on reading Mr. Lloyd George when he said a rouser to his temporary colleagues a few days ago.

But Coue Does Cure As Mothers Do by Kisses

But, it will be said, does Coue not cure many patients, does he not bring succor of suffering to many who have failed to get relief from doctors and drugs, from prayer and psychoanalysis? Is the proof of the pudding still not the eating? Indeed, cures follow his ministrations, but they followed the King's touch by the thousand; they resulted from the administration of Berkeley's tar water; they followed the application of the King's tractor, and from countless other supernatural measures. It will be a long time before his admirers can accumulate as many testimonials of cures as Munyon or Schlatter, or a fraction of the number that attest the proven curative value of a magic remedy which expired with the advent of the XVIII. Constitutional Amendment. And mothers the world over make the pain of their children's "hurts" disappear by kissing.

The extraordinary thing is that this disease displaying itself in the emotional and intellectual fields does not diminish as the result of the activities of M. Coue, his predecessors and fellow workers. Other diseases are yielding. Tuberculosis has been throttled, syphilis, rheumatism, malaria, bound and gagged because we have discovered their causes and prevent them, or overcome them before they have gained an ascendancy of the victim. That is the way the neuropsychoses will be overcome. Their "cure" is in the fields of mental hygiene, eugenics and pedagogy, and until public opinion is cast and molded to accept this fact and the combined effort of physician, pedagogue and potential neuropath or their sponsors is enlisted just as it was in the campaign against tuberculosis of a generation ago we shall not make very much progress. Meanwhile the more mystic muck the neuropath is fed the more pitiable will be his plight and the more pusillanimous his progeny.

College Heads Take Issue With Lewisohn's Criticism of Our Educational System

SOMETHING of a ripple was caused in collegiate waters by the article published recently in these pages wherein under the general head of "The Empty College," criticism was made of the way a professor who happened also to be a genius was considered a "nut" by the students and rather a nuisance by the faculty. As the article used this instance merely by way of illustration the common response has been to pay no attention to the individual case but to treat somewhat academically the question whether or not extraordinary ability in members of the teaching force receives sympathetic acknowledgment.

Two college presidents review the article briefly, one from a middle Western college, and the other is at the head of a university of New York city. Neither one cares to enter upon a controversy and both officials make the condition that what they write is not to be published with the mention of their names.

From the New York college president comes the following comment: "In response to your request I take pleasure in expressing an opinion on the interesting article by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn published in THE NEW YORK HERALD of May 14.

"Mr. Lewisohn is in part right in saying that the college ideal is regularly and that it frowns on eccentricity, but he exaggerates and misunderstands the origin and the reason for this ideal.

It Is True the College Frowns on Eccentricity

"The function of the college is, after all, to educate, intellectually, course, but also culturally, in manners and morals; and the culture it inculcates is, naturally and inevitably, the current culture of its day and people. Moreover, this culture is instilled not by authority, but after the American fashion, almost wholly by public opinion as voiced spontaneously by students and faculty alike. Indeed, Mr. Lewisohn's example shows.

"I wish with Mr. Lewisohn that this censorship were more discriminating and enlightened, but we should remember, in particular, that we are not yet wholly free from war mentality, and, in general, that the college is a faithful copy in this respect of its model, the nation. Long ago James Bryce told us, with Scotch sagacity, that the United States was ruled by public opinion, and it still is so ruled, down to the intimate lives of our individual citizens. That is how the melting pot has melted differences of culture into a national type, in so far as such a type has come to exist. Without this censorship by public opinion the United States would be a discordant congeries of races speaking a babel of languages.

"Meantime the unexcited observer

sees large opportunities for wholesome self-expression in important matters, alike in college and in nation, opportunities that should, and, no doubt, will, grow larger as our population grows more homogeneous and watchful censorship becomes less necessary."

From the West Comes a Sharper Criticism of Article

The Western college president is sharper in his criticism. After explaining why he does not care to reveal his identity as a critic of the author of "The Empty College" he thus proceeds:

"I am obliged to say that the views of American cultural life published recently by a contributor to THE NEW YORK HERALD strike me as being superficial. The note of lamentation uttered by the author of them in his criticism—applied generally to what he calls the empty college is one to be expected from one who has within him, although he may not know it, the prodigies bred in this bone as a foreigner. His claim that we fall in promoting ideals of liberty, variety, personality and distinction is so wide that its expression defeats itself.

"Without conformity to certain rules in education as in social life the college, per se, could not exist. Perhaps that is true, but it is not a maxim. It does not preclude the recognition of genius in certain teachers. And when a college is so fortunate as to find a genius on its faculty its habit is to make much of him.

"The difficulty is to define genius or to separate it from eccentricity. The college quite rightly does not tolerate the latter, which is the greatest good that whatever else these were they were not in any true sense educators. Perhaps the man who is instanced by your contributor as being described by the undergraduates as a 'nut' belonged to this class.

"But because in order that the college may do what it considers to be its duty, which is the greatest good to the greatest number it seeks to run smoothly and that may be done only by rule. Any professor who substitutes his personal whim for a tried rule is an obstruction. Surely this admits of no argument.

"This does not mean that college faculties may do as they please. On the contrary everywhere colleges are seriously and prayerfully considering changes of many kinds, willing to adapt themselves to variations of thought, feeling and value which possibly might enrich the curriculum. But these changes are not made by sensible people. They are made by the college itself, and without consideration being given to them.

"The college of to-day is not empty nor does it seek to grind out its students in a condition of stupid conformity. Instead it aims to do the best it can for the individual and so far as is humanly possible it seeks to select for him what he most needs. New but of students and professors brings independent ways of thought, feeling and action and these the modern college would not willingly weed out but would cherish. Nevertheless there must be standardization. Without it we should not accomplish a tithe of our present result."

President Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago says that the "Empty College" article that it impresses him as interesting rhetoric, but so far as his knowledge goes the article is not based on a very wide collection of facts. He adds: "It is useless for me to discuss it, for I suspect that it is a normal case of generalization from inadequate data."

The following is the reaction to the article of Professor of Economics T. N. Carver of Harvard:

"Soul," Says Economist, Is Synonym for Bad Liver

"Mr. Lewisohn does not specifically state the distinction between the impression that no person with a soul can possibly be at peace with the world and, more monstrous still, that being at war with the world is indubitable evidence of the possession of a soul. I think more highly of the average human being than he does. The world is the reflection of the average human being. When the average human being is sometimes stupid, backward and even vicious, he is generally less so than his critics. He has generally more of a 'soul' than those who malign him.

"Soul" is too frequently a mere euphemism for a bad liver or nasty disposition. Once in a thousand years a real prophet arises who is at war with the world, but for every such prophet there are a million criminals whose enmity toward the world is a sign of their own depravity and not of the world's. Even the conventions that so frequently rule the world, and which Mr. Lewisohn so much despises, are sometimes the more expression of the general common sense of the average man. We would rather trust the destinies of democracy to the untrained common sense of the average man than to the half baked conclusions of those half trained intellectuals who have studied just long enough to lose their common sense and not long enough to get it back again.

"The Prof. Jenkins, as Mr. Lewisohn describes him, is a type of the initiated, merely one example of that considerable class of persons who mistake neurosis for mentality. Their bad nerves make them do things that are interesting because they are queer. Such people furnish the mustard rather than the bread and beef of our intellectual diet. We must never forget, however, that while a little mustard is an appetizer, too much becomes an emetic. In my judgment the undergraduate's appraisal of Prof. Jenkins was more accurate than Mr. Lewisohn's."

Casenave a Candidate.

PARIS, May 27 (Associated Press).—Maurice Casenave, minister plenipotentiary and financial agent for France in New York city during the greater part of the world war, successor to Andre Tardieu as high commissioner in Washington and member of the French delegation to the Washington conference, intends to enter French Parliamentary life and will be a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies in the next elections.

RAISULI, MOROCCAN BANDIT, AGAIN IN LIMELIGHT

By CHARLES PHILLIPS.

RAISULI, the bandit scourge of Morocco, who has played tag with nearly all of the European nations for nearly a quarter of a century, and unsuccessfully attempted to bluff the United States in 1904, when he abducted Ion H. Pardicaris, again in the spotlight of international happenings, this time, almost in the grip of Spain, who ever since the close of the war has been trying to get hold of him.

The most picturesque figure that the Orient has produced since the Mahdi inflamed the Sudan, Raisuli has taken refuge at the venerable shrine of Mulai Abd-es-Salam, his kinsman at Wazan, due north of Mequinez, and about midway between that place and Tangier.

Super-Bandit Is a Sherreef, Scion of Aristocratic Race

Of a race whose ways are the same to-day as they were 1,000 years ago, Mulai Ahmed Ben Mohammed-er-Raisuli is to-day a man of about 51. He is by birth, sprung from one of the most aristocratic families in Morocco and is a Sherreef, or direct descendant of the Prophet through Mulai Idris, who founded the Mohammedan empire of Morocco, and was the first sovereign of the Idrisid dynasty. The children of Mulai Idris were established in various parts of the country, and it is from Mulai Abd-es-Salam, whose tomb at Wazan, in the habitat of the Beni Aros tribe, is now the sanctuary of Raisuli, that the latter is descended. This tomb is a place of great sanctity, and is surrounded by many buildings in which the renegade can find concealment without being disturbed by the police of the country, and the latter is descended. This tomb is a place of great sanctity, and is surrounded by many buildings in which the renegade can find concealment without being disturbed by the police of the country, and the latter is descended.

A man of education, writing classical Arabic in a most beautiful hand and conversing with the intonation of the Moorish aristocracy, Raisuli is the most magnetic personality that northern Africa has produced since Ali.

He started his career of crime and rapine after being treacherously dealt with by Abd-er-Rahman Abd el-Saduk, Basha of Tangier, who upon Raisuli's first attempt at an insurrection in 1900, made overtures of peace and invited Raisuli to visit him at Tangier with a view to arriving at a friendly solution of all difficulties. In spite of warnings that the Basha was treacherous, Raisuli went alone and unarmed to Tangier. He was received at the official residence of the Basha with every encouragement of friendliness, but once within the building he was seized, bound and hurried to the Black House of Mogador, the worst prison in all Morocco, and where the lowest criminals are confined. An iron bar was riveted about his neck, handcuffs with intervening bars generously spiked were fastened on his wrists so that his hands could not come together, and heavy shackles were riveted to his ankles. He was also tor-

tured. For four years Raisuli was chained to a wall and could neither lie down, nor bend his body until the neck shackles were removed. He made one attempt to escape, but was recaptured. When he was finally liberated through the intervention of influential Moors he made a vow that a scissor would never touch a hair of his head until he had revenged himself on his treacherous enemy. Though he shaves the top of his head like all Moslems, he wears a long scold lock that now reaches far below his waist and which he tucks away under his turban.

Immediately he was released he returned to the fastnesses of the hills near Tangier and gave full play to the vindictive spirit that had been aroused in prison.

He murdered the wife and mother of his brother-in-law, both relatives of the Basha who had imprisoned him. The husband was a certain Sherreef of Abirish, who first married Raisuli's sister and had taken another wife, which is distinctly allowed by the Mohammedan religion. Having captured one of the Basha's officers he sold him to some tribesmen whom the captive had wronged. Having paid Raisuli the price demanded, the purchasers culled out the prisoner's chest at the door of the room in which Raisuli was seated and where the whole monetary transaction had taken place in the presence of the victim, who well knew his fate.

These two instances show the manner of man Raisuli could be in spite of captivating manners attested by all who have come in contact with the cattle thief and brigand.

Began Abducting Foreigners to Coerce the Government

Raisuli began abducting foreigners, not to plunder them, but merely as a means of coercing the Moroccan Government to render, howbeit unwillingly, some measure of tardy justice.

His first victim in his capacity of kidnaper was Walter B. Harris, the correspondent of the London Times, who was confined at Zerat in 1901 for several weeks in the bandit's impregnable stronghold, two hours' ride from Tangier. Harris was treated with consideration and was exchanged for sixteen tribesmen, followers of Raisuli, who had been imprisoned.

Raisuli associated himself with powerful Kabyles and united in a league against the Government, sending messages frequently to the Basha of Tangier, detailing the plans of the torture chamber and prison he was building to accommodate him at Zerat. Raisuli did not at any time dispute the Sultan's authority, nor refuse to pay the tax prescribed by the Koranic law—that is, the tenth of all crops—beyond that he resisted oppressions by force. As a Moslem, he returned wrong for wrong, not good for evil, and any injury done him he repaid a hundredfold.

The second victim was Ion H. Pardicaris, an American born in Athens in 1840. Mr. Pardicaris was made captive at his summer home, Aldonia, in the Beni Aros Hills, and with his



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son-in-law, Cromwell Varley, was taken to a Kabyle village where they were kept captive for several weeks. President Roosevelt sent warships to Tunis and John Hay demanded the release of the captive in the terse cablegram: "Pardicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

Raisuli laughed at the display of power and kept the Sultan and his viziers on tenterhooks with his indisputable demands, which the Sultan was compelled to assent to, realizing his impotence to lay hands on the wily bandit. Raisuli was made Governor of all the districts in the neighborhood of Tangier, had the Governor who sent him to prison degraded, was paid a ransom of \$70,000, and had the satisfaction of seeing all his enemies

imprisoned and his own friends released. When Raisuli visited Tangier to conduct his enemy the Basha to the dungeon he had prepared for him at Zerat he found the latter dead.

Raisuli became all powerful after this bandit coup, a hero in the eyes of the Moors, a menace to those of Europe.

His first acts were good. Raisuli put down the offensiveness which his rival Ben Hamana's rebellion had caused in the neighborhood of Tangier. He opened the roads to caravan travel, and for a time caravans were unmolested within the limits of his jurisdiction. He brought about a temporary serenity that was just the full before the storm.

Scorning at Governments He Administered 'Justice' Himself

As his influence increased Raisuli became a despot. He squeezed the people under him and extorted money from the poorest of the poor. The Government officials lived in terror of him, and let him know it, with the result that he ignored their orders and commands, opened openly at European treaties, becoming at the same time the protector and scourge of Tangier and the surrounding districts. His representatives administered "justice" in the market place in Tangier and beat people to death within a block of the French and German legations.

In 1907 Raisuli had reached the zenith of his power. It was only necessary to tell a man that he was under arrest and he would never attempt to escape. Everybody in Morocco and outside realized that Raisuli's arm was long enough to reach him where he fled to. But while he showed all the qualities required for a strong Governor in Morocco, he overdid it. For him there existed no treaties. Europeans were blackmailed, and finally the representatives of the European Powers addressed a collective note to the Moorish Minister of Foreign Affairs at Fez, demanding that an end be put to the impossible state of affairs existing in the Tangier districts.

It was almost an ultimatum, for the bay was filled with the warships of the nations and the Sultan had no other alternative but to send an army against Raisuli's stronghold.

Raisuli for a time held off the forces of the Sultan but finally was defeated and retired beyond the mountains of Beni Masour, where he was completely outlawed.

Then came the Algeiras treaty. Northern Morocco was at its worst, and even the pleasure loving Mulai Abdul Aziz, who was striving to master the plans under the tutelage of Rudolph Aronson, the New York impresario, who established the Casino and Bijou theaters in New York, perceived that affairs were becoming worse. He decided to open negotiations with Raisuli and sent Kaid Maclean, a former British officer, who had become Generalissimo of his armies, to interview the bandit and offer him terms. Raisuli, remembering his former experience with the Basha of Tangier, kidnapped the Kaid and conducted negotiations with the Sultan

from the inaccessible border of the Mountain Alsherif tribelands some few miles from Alcazar.

The Kaid remained in captivity seven months. Of all the negotiations for obtaining the release of a British subject this was the most difficult. In the end Raisuli obtained a ransom of £20,000, and he was made a British protected subject. This stipulation preserved him from the wrath of the Sultan. For a time Raisuli remained quiet, accumulating wealth and living at Arzelia, where he built himself a palace. This town is familiar to tourists with its old wall, bastions and remains of the ancient Portuguese palace. Rudolph Aronson lived here for a while and met Raisuli, whom he described as a man about 40, very pale, with intense dark eyes, almost black, heavily arched, red cheeks and lips and a bearded chin. This was in 1911.

But Raisuli's retirement was not to be a long one. When Mulai Hafid seized the throne Raisuli felt his chance had come. He had helped to overthrow Mulai Abdul Aziz, and he visited Fez and received the appointment as Governor of all northern Morocco with the exception of Tangier and its surrounding district. Here receiving the appointment Raisuli was compelled to abandon his British protection and to return to the Moroccan Treasury the £20,000 he had received as Kaid Maclean's ransom.

Pro-German During War Raisuli Acted as German Agent

For five years he levied taxes and made the lives of the tribes unbearable until he again ran foul of the Sultan, this time at the behest of Spain, whose Moroccan representative he made an ineffectual attempt to kill him. Again Raisuli became an outlaw and took to the hills.

Just before the outbreak of the war Raisuli made contracts with the famous Mannesmann Brothers of Berlin with reference to mining in the mountain districts, and at the beginning of hostilities Raisuli became an agent of the Germans. He was friendly with all the German agents that the Spanish zone harbored. He also became friendly with the Spanish officials, and thereby hangs the tale of his present dilemma.

Under the guidance of German and Spanish Moroccan agents he gave active assistance to German criminal intrigue and was in direct relations with the German Embassy in Madrid.

For the last few years Raisuli has maintained a guerrilla warfare against the Spanish and now that he has sought refuge in the sanctuary of his kinsman's venerable tomb it may be that he will starve to death in the odor of sanctity and his tomb, like that of his ancestor, become a place of pilgrimage. Or may he be head held high on the bayonet of a soldier.

To the Moor all things are written in the book of Fate, and Raisuli is probably awaiting his fate with unconcern. Perhaps he took certain measures to avoid hastening it, for he never permitted himself to be photographed and never gave his autograph.